

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

JOHN HAS A WAY.

BY ALICE ROBBINS.

The cows are coming, Jessie, dear. Make
haste and see the slight,
There are twenty milk beauties to be
housed and fed to-night.

That first one with the snow-white horns
is just as old as May;
She and my pet first saw the light the
same soft summer day.

A tender creature was she, so weak and
cold, and thin;
John said she was not fit to raise. I said
it was a sin

To cast her off, for Maybuds sake. John
laughed, and asked me whether
I thought it best, upon the whole, to rear
two calves together.

But she was spared, and so was May. It
sometimes seems to me,
In Starbuck's soft and gentle eyes, May's
pleading glance I see.

I love the creatures—you may smile—per-
haps my uncles' mock.
She's the fairest of the herd, as May's the
sweetest of the flock.

There's May, her arms round Starbuck's
neck; the girl is nine to-day.
A folksome and gentle thing, at study
or at play;

The darling in our falling years, the spring
in our autumn set.
A fair white jewel blazing in our faded
coronet.

But see, John! look the bars down: in clo-
ver deep they stand,
With glossy flank, and backs as straight
as yonder table land;

The fragrance of their breath pours in like
ambergris and myrrh;
They're just the neatest cows to milk—
John says they never stir.

They know his tone—'tis seldom loud;
They know his touch—'tis kind.
"John has a way," the neighbors say,
to make dumb creatures mind:

Perhaps—I only know that I, through all
these blessed years,
Have never seen the moment when his
voice has brought me tears.

Written for the Home Journal.

Annie Earliston.

BY SILENA E. MOORE.

"Pleasant are the words of the song,
and lovely the tales of other times.
They are like the calm dew of the morn-

ing on the hill of roses, when the sun
is faint on its side, and the lake is set-
tled and blue in the vale."

This sweet strain from the poet's voice
was murmured in a low sad voice
by a beautiful girl. She appeared to
have passed about twenty four sum-

mers in a world of bitterness and dis-
appointment. But she was in reality
not more than twenty. She was sew-

ing in an upper room of a tenement
house in one of the dirty streets of
New York. Her figure was slight, but

well formed. Her hair, black and
glossy as the raven's wing, was wound
in a beautiful coil at the back of her

head. Her eyes were large and dark
as night; and in their liquid depths
was a look of mournful resignation as

of one born to suffer. The room was
small and scantily furnished. Every-
thing, though neat in the extreme, bore

the stamp of the greatest poverty.
And yet, the first slight glance at An-
nie Earliston would convince any one

that a life of poverty and misery had
not always been her lot. For there
was about her a look of refinement,

such as is never found in persons
reared in poverty or ignorance. And
as she sewed on and on, thoughts of

other days filled her mind like "re-
collected music." She thought of her
beautiful home in the "Crescent City,"

far, far away in the "sunny South."
She thought of her life there so
bright and happy. And thought of the

time when she made her debut in so-
ciety, and became the acknowledged
belle of New Orleans. Again she

floated in the merry dance, or wandered
through the room of some palace of
wealth, leaning on the arm of one who

vowed ever to love her. She thought
of him to whom she had given her
bright young heart in all its freshness,

and who had professed to love her
with all the ardor of a proud, manly
heart. She thought of her mother, so

beautiful, loving and gentle, so wor-
shipped by herself. She thought of
little Charlie, with his golden curls

and laughing, blue eyes, playing be-
hind mama's chair. She thought of
her father, so noble, kind, and gener-

ous, so respected by all who knew
him. Oh! the bright happiness of that
life, that seemed like some far off

dream of heaven! And again her lips
were repeating those beautiful words
from Quaker—

"Pleasant are the words of the song,
and lovely the tales of other times.
They are like the calm dew of the morn-

ing on the hill of roses, when the
sun is faint on its side, and the lake is
settled and blue in the vale."

But the picture began to darken, a
shadow to creep over the background.
Then, the tender loving light died out
of her eyes, and a sad regret stole
down. She thought of the time when
all these things began to change and

the brightness to go out of her life.
Her father had ventured his whole
principle fortune in the great uncertainty
of speculation. And in the long uncer-

tainly that followed, Hugh Earliston
was in despair because in an unguarded
moment he had hazarded his all, and
that any slight wind of fortune might

capsize the frail bark, and then his
wife and children would be beggared.
As time wore away, and it became a
certainty that the whole was sunk in

the great vortex, and that he owned
not a cent in the world, he could hard-
ly sustain himself with christian fortit-
ude. And when he came to give up

his great house, and people whom he
had once regarded as his dearest
friends failed to recognize him; when
he saw his wife and daughter engaged

in mere household drudgery, he was
maddened, and sought to drown his
thoughts in midnight revelries with the
mocking demon of liquor. In vain

Mrs. Earliston and Annie assured him
that this new life of quiet and retire-
ment was welcome, so long as he was
with them. His spirit seemed broken

down, and his pride gone.
Poor Mrs. Earliston! This last
stroke was more than she could bear,
and she soon sunk broken-hearted to

the grave. For awhile after his wife's
death, Mr. Earliston seemed awakened
to a sense of his duty. He resolved to
leave a place which was, of late,

fraught with so many unpleasant as-
sociations, and remove to New York,
where, unknown, he might again rise
to the level.

Annie had never seen her lover since
her father's fall. Not long before, Gor-
don Reynolds had started to Paris for
his sister. Her husband had died,

leaving her in feeble health, in a land
of strangers, and she had written a pa-
thetic appeal to Gordon, begging him
to come and take her home. He parted

from Annie with a sad heart, and tear-
ful eyes. And as he pressed her again
and again to his bosom, a shadow
crept into his heart, a presentiment

of coming evil, and pressing his lips to
hers, he whispered his fears that this
was their last meeting on earth. An-
nie, smiling through her tears, scolded

him for entertaining foolish fears, and
he was gone.
Soon after their misfortune, Annie

received a bitter, scornful note from
Mrs. Reynolds, Gordon's mother, say-
ing she might now consider the en-
gagement formerly existing between

herself and Gordon as entirely broken
off, for her son would never disgrace
himself and his family by marrying a
beggar. Annie did not believe that

Gordon would ever allow such despic-
able sentiments to influence him, but
Mrs. Reynolds had well calculated her
character when she wrote that note.

Annie Earliston scorned to become an
unwelcome inmate in any family. So,
when her father proposed going to
New York, she readily assented. They

left, and no one was aware of their
destination. Not a single one of the
numerous pretended friends and sym-
patizers that had once thronged around

them, seemed aware of their existence.
Ah, verily! Human friendships are
precious boons to treasure away in the
heart! Some one, who doubtless

writes from bitter experience, says—
"What is friendship but a name!
A chain that holds to sleep!
A shade that follows wealth and fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep!"

Soon after their arrival in New York,
after a few futile attempts to get into
business, Mr. Earliston fell into dis-
tipation. It seemed that intemperance,

"like a strong man armed," had taken
possession of body and soul. And then
came hard times for poor Annie.
By taking in sewing she did what she

could to support their little family.
But with all her efforts she was hard-
ly able to keep the grim giant spectre of
starvation from the door. Her father

had attached himself as taster in
some low dram-shop. But all of his
earnings were drowned in the fiery po-
tations that daily and nightly passed

down his throat. Little Charlie, now
grown into a bright, intelligent lad of
twelve years, did all he could to help
her; but his hands, though willing,

were small, and work was scarce.
So Annie sewed on in the chill au-
tumn evening, her fingers keeping
time to the busy train of thought. And

as the deepening twilight stole through
the room, she laid aside her work, al-
most for the first time in many long,
weary hours. Then she rubbed her

numbed fingers together, and, throwing
a shawl over her shoulders, she sat
down by a window and watched and
waited. Would he never come? Then

her ear caught the sound of merry
footsteps ascending the stairs. The
door was thrown open, and an eager
voice exclaimed—
"Sister! sister! Where are you,
sister?"

"Here I am, Charlie," answered the
clear, sweet voice of Annie.
"Oh! sister, I have the most glo-
rious news to tell you! Now we can
have butter with our bread, and big

warm fires, and—" here he paused,
quite out of breath.
"What is it, little brother?"

"Why, to-day, as I was walking the
street very sad, thinking what to do,
a gentleman came kindly up to me and
looked in my face. Putting his hand

under my chin, he said: 'My little fel-
low, have I not seen you before to-
day?' And then a sudden thought
flashed through my mind, and I said,

'Are you not Mr. Cameron?' He said
he was, but that he could not exactly
remember my name. And then I told
him my name was Charlie Earliston,

that we were from New Orleans, and
that he had spent a month with us in
the bright old days of long ago, during
which time he was attacked with the

dreadful fever at that time raging so
fiercely there. Do you remember him,
sister, and how you and mama nursed
him, and that the physician said your
good nursing saved his life? When I

told him all that had happened since
that time, his great kindly eyes were
filled with tears. He said he would
come to see us to-morrow, and give me

some employment, and see what he
could do for you."

Annie's heart was filled with grati-
tude toward him who had raised up a
friend to them in the hour of their great
need. Presently she said—
"Have you seen him to-day, Char-

lie?"
"Yes. And it made my heart ache
to see him drain glass after glass of the
accursed liquor that has brought so
much misery into his life and ours. I

tried to persuade him to come home
with me and stay with you. But he
gave me a blow on the head which sent
me reeling out of the door; at the same

time cursing me with the most dread-
ful oaths, he told me to go home
where I belonged, and never to meddle
with him any more. 'Twas after that

I was walking the streets, thinking
what could be done, when I met Mr.
Cameron. And then I came home to
tell you all about it."

Annie bowed her head and wept lit-
ter tears of sorrow. Then in a voice,
soft and tremulous, she said:
"Charlie, let this be a lesson to you.

And never, never let a drop of the poi-
son that has embittered our lives pass
your lips. You have seen its evil ef-
fects in all its different phases. You

see its effects on our once noble-minded
father, fallen from man's high estate
down, down the scale from true man-
hood to the lowest state of degrada-

tion, and beneath the notice of the
good. You will not find this world,
Charlie, a pathway strewn with choicest
flowers of happiness and ease. It is a

world of sorrow, sin and disappoint-
ment. Mark out a strict line of duty,
Charlie, and deviate not a hair to the
right or the left. Do not allow every

slight wind of misfortune to bend your
head to the earth. Never yield to dis-
appointments, Charlie. Do not say
you are down, and that you cannot

will not, try to rise. The truly great
and noble do not seek to drown their
petty sorrows in the wine cup. Should
some stay-wind of fortune lay your

whole earthly possessions in the dust,
should the dearest hopes of your heart
be blasted, never, never, oh! Charlie,
I implore you, by the memory of your

mother, never resort to the maddening
influence of liquor in a vain endeavor
to drown your thoughts. 'Show your
self superior to misfortune and rise

above it.' Only, look higher, and aim
farther next time. Let us ever sing,
with Thomas Moore—
"Should chilling winds and storms come
on,
We'll raise our awning 'gainst the
shower.
Sit closer till the storm is gone,
And smiling, wait a happier hour."

Her voice died away in a sob, and
again she bowed her head and wept.
Then she arose, lighted a bit of wax
candle and proceeded to finish the work
she laid aside at dark. Charlie sat

down beside her, and looking up into
her face, watched the steady, sweet, pa-
tient expression stereotyped there.

The sound of footsteps was on their
stairs. They stopped in front of the
door of Annie's room, and a knock
was heard. When she had opened the

door, she started back with a cry of
horror on her lips. Two men were
supporting the ghastly, bloody form of
her father. They laid him on a bed,

then turned to Annie and said, in a
kind voice—
"It is all over with him, Miss. This
is the end of a quarrel he had with Carl
Rigby. Neither one of them didn't
know what they were doing."

He paused and wiped a tear from his
eye with his rough hand, then continued—
"We are sorry to leave you here all
alone like, Miss. May be we can get
some one to come in and stay a while
with you."

"Thank you," said Annie, in a voice
scarcely audible. "Mrs. Cary, of the
next room, will come in."

And kind hands came in and washed
the blood from his ashen features,
bound up the mangled temple, and

composed the limbs for the grave.
And there, in that miserable room, far
far away from the scenes of his noble
youth, lay Hugh Earliston, the glory of
his manhood long since wrecked and
forever gone. The morning of his
life had dawned clear and cloudless,
but ere his sun had passed its noontide
glory, it suddenly set behind a cloud of
midnight darkness—set, to rise no
more forever.

Annie sat through the whole of that
dreadful night and watched beside her
"shrouded dead." Though hidden
from her view, she still seemed to see
his mangled, distorted features, the pis-
tol shot in his temple, and the blood
trickling through his matted, tangled
hair, as when she first beheld him when
they brought him into the room. She
thought of the time when all these
things were different. And anon, a
grievous sob burst from her heaving
bosom.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

A Puzzled Dutchman.

A Wisconsin secular paper contains
the following good story:

One who does not believe in immer-
sion for baptism, was holding a pro-
tracted meeting, and one night preach-

ed on the subject of baptism. In the
course of his remarks he said, some
believed it necessary to go down into
the water, and come up out of it to be
baptized. But this he claimed to be a
fallacy, for the preposition "into," of
the Scriptures, should be rendered dif-

ferent, as it does not mean into at all
times. "Moses," he said, "we are told,
went up into the mountain, and the
Savior was taken into a high moun-

tain, etc. Now we do not suppose that
either went into the mountain, but un-
to it. So with going down into the wa-
ter, it means simply going down close
by or near to the water, and being bap-

tized in the ordinary way, by sprink-
ling or pouring."

He carried this idea out fully, and in
due season and style closed his dis-
course, when an invitation was given
for any one so disposed, to arise and
express his thoughts. Quite a number

of the brethren arose and said they
were glad they had been present on
this occasion, that they were well
pleased with the sermon they had just
heard and felt their souls greatly lib-

erated. Finally a corpulent gentleman of Teu-
tonic extraction, a stranger to all
arose and broke a silence that was al-
most painful as follows:

"Mister Breacher, I ish so glad I
vash here to night, for I has had ex-
plained to my mind some things dat I
never could pelief before. O, I ish so
glad dat into does mean into at all,

put shust close py or near to, for now
I can pelief manish things vot I could
not pelief before. We reat, Mister
Breacher, dat Taniel vas cast into the
ten of lions, and came out alive! Now
I never could pelief dat, for de vil
peasts would shust eat him right op,
put now it is very clear to my mind.

He vash shust close py or near to, and
did not get into the ten at all. O, I ish
so glad, I vash here to night!

"Again we reat dat de Hevrew chil-
dren vas cast into de frish furnace, and
dat alwais looked like a peeg story,
put it ish all plain to my mind now.

For they were shust cast near by or
close to the frish furnace. O, I vash
so glad, I vash here to night!

"And den, Mister Breacher, it is said
dat Jonah vas cast into the sea and
taken into the whales pelly. Now I never
could pelief dat. It alwais seemed

to me to be a peeg story, dat it ish
all plain to my mind now. He vash
shust into the whales pelly at all, but
shust shunt onto his pack and rode
ashore. O, I ish so glad I vash here
to night!

"And now, Mister Breacher, if you
will shust explain two more passages
of Scriptures I shall be, O, so happy
dat I vash here to night! One of them
is vere it saish de vicked shall pe cast
into a lake dat burns with fire and
brimstone alwais. O, Mr. Breacher,

shall I pe cast into dat lake if I am
vicked! or shust close py or near to,
shust near enough to be comfortable?
O! I hopes you tell me I shall pe cast
only shust py a good vay off, and I vill
pe so glad I vash here to night!

The other passage is that vich saish, Ueces-
sary are they who do these command-
ments, dat they may have right to the
tree of life and enter in through the
gates into the city and not shust close
py or near to, shust near enough to
see vat I have lost and I shall pe so
glad I vash here to night!"

To show how hardened people be-
come, after a short residence in the
West, they have on exhibition at
Pittsburg a woman who moved to
Kansas and died, and, after being dead
four years, was dug up and found to
be turned to stone. She woud tell
them a word about how she came to
get so hard.

Mildly Symptoms of Celibacy.

A contemporary thus enumerates
the symptoms by which old maids may
be known:

When a woman begins to drink her
tea without sugar—that's a symptom.
When a woman begins to read lo-
stories abed—that's a symptom.

When a woman gives a sigh on
hearing of a wedding—that's a sym-
ptom.

When a woman begins to say she
has refused many an offer—that's a
symptom.

When a woman begins to say what
a dreadful set of creatures men are,
and that she wouldn't be bothered with one
for all the world—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to have a lit-
tle dog trotting after her—that's a
symptom.

When a woman begins to change her
shoes every time she comes into the
house after a walk—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to have a cat
at her elbow at mealtime, and gives it
sweetened milk—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to be ashamed
to take off her bonnet in a gentle-
man's company because she has no cap
on—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to say that a
servant has no business with a sweet-
heart—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to rub her
fingers over chairs and tables to see if
they are dusty—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to go to bed
with her stockings and a flannel night
cap on—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to put her
fingers before her mouth when she is
talking